There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that words death, no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father and my mother *Nurſe*?
Nur. Weeping and wailing over *Tibalts* coarſe:
Will you goe to them? I will bring you thither.
Jul. Waſh they his wounds with teares, mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo's* baniſhment.
Take up thoſe cords; poore ropes you are beguil'd,
Both you and I, for *Romeo* is exil'd:
He made you for a high-way to my bed,
But I a maide dye maiden widowed.
Come cord, come Nurſe, Ile to my wedding bed,
And death, not *Romeo*, take my maidenhead.
Nurſe. Hye to your chamber, Ile finde *Romeo*,
To comfort you: I wot well where he is,
Harke you, your *Romeo* will be here at night:
Ile to him, he is hid at *Laurence* Cell.
Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. *Romeo* come forth, come forth thou fearfull man,
Affliction is enamor'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That yet I know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare ſonne with ſuch ſowre company:
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What leſſe than doomſday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler judgement vaniſht from his lips:
Not bodies death, but bodies baniſhment.
Rom. Ha! baniſhment? be merciſull, ſay death,
For exile hath more terrour in his looke,
Much more than death: doe not ſay baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:

Be

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona* w
But purgatory, torture, hell it ſelfe.
Hence baniſhed is baniſht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then baniſhed
Is death miſ-tearm'd: calling death baniſhed
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden Axe,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly ſinne! O rude unthankfulne
Thy fault our Law calls death, but the kind
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turn'd that blacke word death to baniſh
This is deare mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: Heaven
Where *Juliet* lives, and every cat and dogge
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing
Live here in heaven, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more Courtſhip lives
In carrion flies than *Romeo*: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of deare *Juliets* hand,
And ſteale immortall bleſſing from her lips,
Who even in pure and Veſtall modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their owne kiſſes ſinne
This may flies doe, when I from this muſt fly
And ſaiſt thou yet that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is baniſhed,
Flyes may doe this, but I from this muſt flye
They are free men, but I am baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no poiſon mixt, no ſharpe grownd
No ſudden meane of death, though nere ſo m
But Baniſhed to kill me? Baniſhed!
O Frier, the damned uſe that word in hell,
Howling attends it: how haſt thou the heart
Being a Divine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſinne Obſolver, and my Friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word baniſhed?